

# Every American Sailor to Hear Tetrassini To-Night

She Will Sing to Them Via Wireless Telephones From New York

Secretary Daniels to "Listen In" on Concert in Washington

Tetrassini Standing Before the Instrument Into Which She Will Sing To-Night to Every U. S. Sailor Afloat



By Fay Stevenson.

WHAT will be the present and future wonders of singing and speaking by radio telephones?

How far will the human voice carry? "Perhaps to the man in the moon," laughed plump, pretty little Lucie Tetrassini, the soprano prima donna who is to test the radio telephone at its best to-night and literally "sing around the world."

Seated in her apartment at the Metropolitan Hotel, where all the necessary radio apparatus has been installed, this auburn-haired, brown-eyed little operatic star was most enthusiastic as she told me of the test to be made. "At exactly 9.30 to-night I expect to sing for every bluejacket on every United States ship in the world," said she. "For all I know, the man in the moon may 'listen in.' Word will be given to amateur and professional radio operators all over the world and I have hopes of being heard even in Scotland."

Secretary Daniels, a personal friend of mine, is going to "listen in" at Washington, and since I have friends all over the world in the navy, I am more than anxious to sing to them. It may be I can reach much farther than 1,800 miles. Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, Havana, Jamaica, the British Isles, Montreal, every large city and country have planned to "listen in."

"And after all your war work on the other side you are especially anxious to sing to the boys, I suppose," I said.

"I am very fond of both the army and navy men," replied Mrs. Tetrassini with enthusiasm and then more modestly: "And I feel highly complimented to have been chosen as the singer to be heard 'all around the world.' I am told that I was selected because I sing as high as F sharp, which is a tone and a half higher than Patti. The Naval District Communication Superintendent told me that a 1,500 horse power generator is to be used as the radio telephone and I may be quite successful."

"What do you intend to sing?" "The programme is not quite complete," said Mrs. Tetrassini as she toyed with her string of pearls and tapped her plump little fingers merrily against the arm of her chair, "but, of course, I shall sing something written in high notes. Probably I shall sing the Polonaise Mignon and then to please the boys, 'Somewhere a Voice is Calling.'"

And let's hope that that voice (the voice of Mrs. Tetrassini) will be heard with as much force as the shot that was heard round the world. If magnetism and personal force have anything to do with sending radio messages and carrying the voice (and it has been intimated that magnetism plays a strong role), then surely this operatic singer ought to have every success in the world with her high pitched bird-like voice.

To illustrate her power of sending

NEW INVENTIONS.

A NEW direction indicator for automobiles, to be carried at one side of a windshield, raises sennaphores to signal that a car is going to stop or turn to one side or the other.

A correspondence sheet which folds to form its own envelope that has been patented at one end through which the address is seen.

To refresh a wearer's memory a finger ring has been invented with a setting of celluloid on which memoranda can be written.

With a Californian's invention photographs of extremely large size can be made from small negatives.

## LUCILE THE WAITRESS

BY BIDE DUDLEY.

Copyright, 1920, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

"T HIS hunting season's on again," said Lucile, the waitress, as the Friendly Patron explored his oyster soup for the oyster. "I know, because the nimbros have begun coming in here and telling me about their feats of woodlore. One was in just an hour ago and he had a lot to say. First thing he says when he implants himself on a stool is, 'Ever do any shooting, lady?'"

"Only biscuits," I says. "Don't care for traps."

"I mean did you ever do any hunting?" he quizzed.

"Only for jobs," comes from little me.

"I mean hunting deer and bears."

"Don't have to hunt 'em," I says. "There's plenty up in the Zoology Gardens. Anyway, what would I want with a collection of big boob animals like them? Where would I keep 'em and how could I feed 'em?"

"Lady," he says, "you exasperate me. I'm a hunter that goes into the wilds and shoots game. Last week I shot a bear."

"What was you aiming at?" I ask.

"I was aiming at the bear. What did you think I was aiming at?"

"I don't know—I wasn't there," I says. You see, I'm kidding him. He gets kinda mean.

"I guess you did a lot of hunting in your life, nevertheless," he says. "For a bear, I mean."

"Maybe," I says sweet-like, "but nobody ever saw me hunting you."

"That was the straw hat that broke the camel's back," he says. "No, thank goodness!" he says.

"I pick out lookers when I'm hunting gentlemen friends," I says. "He grabs his hat and beats it, leaving me nothing but a friendly little scowl."

At that point a big, raw-boned, ugly man took a seat at the counter.

"Why, hello, Joe!" said Lucile. "Howdy?" grunted the man.

"Who's that?" asked the Friendly one in a low tone.

"That's Joe Gihully who wrangles freight down at Pier No. 15," replied Lucile. "He's my particular gentleman friend just now."

"But you said you always selected a man for his looks."

"Sure, I do," came from Lucile. "But there's several kinds of looks and a big heart will cover a multitude of ugly mugs."

## GOING DOWN!

Copyright, 1920, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

IF you are weary and ill at ease—write to Mother. If you are lonely and the tears will come—write to Mother.

If you are dead broke—write to Mother. She will understand. And if Mother is not here, write to her just the same—just the same.

Perhaps she will answer. She always has, hasn't she? Lovingly, ALFALFA SMITH

## Picture of Philadelphia Girl Published As That of Lucie Lantelme



HELEN CRESSMAN

PROPOS of the death of Olive Thomas, The Evening World on Sept. 14 last published a review of her stage career together with a review of the careers of Mlle. Lucie Lantelme and Billie Carleton, who had died under somewhat similar tragic circumstances. The headline over the article read: "Is the Wild Night Life of Europe Responsible for the Deaths of Mlle. Lucie Lantelme, Billie Carleton, Olive Thomas?"

The Mlle. Lantelme referred to in the article was the well-known French actress of that name who in

## Can You Beat It!

Copyright, 1920, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

By Maurice Ketten



## THE PRESS AGENTS

BY NEAL O'HARA

Copyright, 1920, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

THE press agent's the guy responsible for the housing shortage in the Hall of Fame.

The boys that distribute carbon copy have made more names than Bryan has made addresses. Give 'em an inch and they'll grab a half-page. They can make a mountain out of a molehill and toss in a volcanic eruption for good two-column measure. While the ghost walks, the P. A. boy trots ahead with the spiciest line of advance dope you ever refused to believe. Nothing can stop him but a posse of sheriffs and an attachment on the week's receipts.

Half the leading ladies would still be leading mopes over soft pine floors if the press agents hadn't advanced 'em to display type. Many a movie star might yet be splitting weeks between Reading and Altoona if it wasn't for a nimble mimeograph guy that goes out and shuffles fame by the toupee and makes the yappers believe him.

No bloke ever jogged to fame in double time without a P. A. shaking footsies at every stride he took. Fame is two-thirds ability. That is, two-thirds of one per cent. The rest of it is ability to hop on Page One from the City to the Final Three-Star edition. But few guys get their name in lead type till a press agent writes it out in lead pencil first. Jot that one down in your book of recipes.

The press agent is the middleman that trades the actor's salary figure before the public eats it up. A Hamlet's grease paint would get him nowhere if the P. A.'s oil didn't lubricate the way.

A press agent is really a Luther Burbank. He can make your name bloom like a sunflower from a patch of incandescent bulbs. He can take two shapely limbs, graft them to a trunk of press notices, and make a second Sir Herbert Tree. And when a P. A. says, "I'll tell the world," he really means what he says. There's a sucker born every minute, and press agents to convince him.

Plenty of chicks with nonpareil figures and semipalmated notes would still be totting spears in the chorus if it wasn't for dear old Charley Press Agent. Charley is that awful poet that drags a dame from honorable mention in the merry-merry lineup to sole distinction in the mamba lights. He does it with his little typewriter and a little bokum on the side.

A press agent made Washington more famous for spotless truth-telling than for ripping the redcoats up the back. A press agent made Grant more famous for chewing Virginia cheroots than for stepping out and grabbing Richmond. A

press agent gave Gaby Deslys a fame on five continents and a fortune on twenty theatrical circuits.

A P. A. peddles the bunk, lives on the bunk and sleeps on the bunk. But don't forget he is always boosting—he makes a middleman look like a bear. The only time Charley Press Agent swings a mallet is when he's chiseling a niche in the Gallery of Fame for some vamp with more form-fitting gowns than brains.

Maybe he never tells the truth, but he never talks about himself. That's something! What?

PUZLED THE JURY.

AN Idaho lawyer tells of a case tried in that state some years ago, on which occasion the judge, an Easterner, was desired to display his learning, instructed the jury very fully, laying down the law with the utmost authority.

But the jurors, after deliberating some hours, found themselves unable to agree. Finally the foreman asked for additional instructions.

"Judge, here's the trouble," said he. "The jury wants to know if what you told us was really the law or only just your notion."—Harpur's Magazine.

Twenty-seven million voting women in America would unanimously endorse the purity and quality of

VIRGINIA DARE

DOUBLE-STRENGTH EXTRACTS

were they to vote on them. DOUBLE IN FLAVORING POWER. Have YOU tried them? AT FOUR GROCER'S.

Garrett & Company, Inc. Brooklyn, N. Y.



## Davega Ice Skate and Shoe Outfits \$9.95

for Men and Women

Consisting of a good quality hardened steel skate, attached to a substantial shoe of genuine leather, with ankle straps. Also specially priced—Genuine Alfred Johnson Tubular Outfits Racing or Hockey.

Figures Skating Outfits \$14.50 to \$40

Hockey and Rink Outfits. \$9.95 to \$25

Distinctive sportswear for men and women at our Commodore Hotel Shop, while all Davega Skates feature a complete assortment of bright hued caps, tams and mufflers.

DAVEGA

The Sportsman's Paradise 125 West 125th St. Near Lenox Ave. Open Evenings. 111 East 42d St. Commodore Hotel. 831 Broadway Near 10th Street. 15 Cortlandt St. Near Broadway.